

"SEE AMERICA NOW" NUMBER

# Suck

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 30, 1935

PRICE TEN CENTS



THE ELOPEMENT

PAINTED BY FRANK X. LEYENDECKER

# SUMMARY OF 70th ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW-YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

346 & 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, President

## NEW INSURANCE PAID FOR IN 1914

Exclusive of Revivals and Increase in Old Policies

# \$223,571,200

TOTAL ADMITTED ASSETS

## \$790,935,395

TOTAL PAID-FOR INSURANCE IN FORCE

## \$2,347,098,388

JANUARY 1, 1915

### Balance Sheet, January 1, 1915

#### ADMITTED ASSETS

Real Estate.....	\$ 9,826,142.06
Loans on Mortgages.....	156,674,059.30
Collateral Loans.....	150,000.00
Loans on Policies.....	153,375,218.04
Bonds and Stock (Market Value Dec. 31, 1914).....	438,322,671.10
Cash.....	13,964,565.01
Interest and Rents due and accrued.....	9,291,253.31
Premiums due and deferred.....	9,331,486.79
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$790,935,395.61</b>

#### LIABILITIES

Policy Reserve.....	\$651,889,465.00
Other Policy Liabilities.....	11,856,997.88
Premiums and Interest prepaid.....	4,048,933.57
Commissions, Salaries, Taxes, etc.....	1,333,293.05
Dividends payable in 1915.....	17,104,119.86
Reserve for Deferred Dividends.....	88,902,104.00
Reserves for other purposes.....	15,800,482.25
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$790,935,395.61</b>

#### INCOME, 1914

Premiums:	
On New Policies.....	\$ 9,061,420.82
On Renewed Policies.....	79,153,606.31
Annuities, etc.....	2,252,150.86
	<b>\$90,467,177.99</b>
Real Estate Rentals.....	693,969.50
Interest on Mortgages.....	7,509,010.87
Interest on Policy Loans.....	7,158,715.58
Interest on Bonds.....	19,293,228.99
Interest on Bank Deposits, etc.....	284,474.61
Profit on Sale or Maturity of Assets.....	30,263.58
Increase by adjustment in Book Value of Ledger Assets.....	256,967.41
Other Income.....	572,766.11
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$126,266,574.64</b>

#### DISBURSEMENTS, 1914

Payments to Policy-holders:	
Death Losses.....	\$26,269,756.21
To Living Policy-holders.....	45,693,673.36
	<b>\$71,963,429.57</b>
Paid under supplementary contracts and other payments.....	365,019.12
Com'ns and other Pay'ts to Agents.....	6,831,867.23
Medical Examination and Ag'cy Exp'ses, etc.....	2,657,836.44
Home Office Salaries.....	1,786,881.72
Taxes, Licenses and Insurance Dept. Fees.....	1,190,478.01
Rent and Real Estate Taxes and Expenses.....	887,186.65
All other Expenses.....	1,269,732.81
Loss on Sale or Maturity of Assets.....	621,589.06
Decrease by adjustment in Book Values.....	1,704,666.22
For Reserves to meet Policy Obligations.....	36,987,887.81
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$126,266,574.64</b>

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### Prize Cover Next Week

Next week's *Puck* will mark the appearance of Helena Smith-Dayton's \$250.00 Prize Cover. It is in every respect the most original conception we have yet seen on a magazine cover—a combination of ideas and color-treatment which lifts it entirely above the deadly level of the commonplace. We've kept the subject of the cover secret thus far, but this much we will let drop: If you've ever turkey-trotted, or tangoed, or bunny-hugged, or maxixed, Mrs. Smith-Dayton has captured many of your sensations while on the dancing floor and imprisoned them in clay. By no means let this cover escape you.

### Are You Trying for the Suffrage Prize?

It is pretty nearly closing time for the Suffrage Contest. Some reader of *Puck* is going to carry off \$25.00 for the wittiest paragraph, of less than fifty words, on the subject of woman suffrage. This is an exceptional opportunity to out distance the price-per-word records of Kipling or even our own Theodore, since the winner of this prize will receive at least fifty cents a word and possibly a dollar. Mark all contributions "Suffrage Contest." No contributions will be returned, but acceptable epigrams, not winning the prize, will be purchased at our standard rates.

### PUCK Introduces Two New Contributors

In this number, *Puck* presents two new friends, Simeon Strunsky and A. A. Milne. We predict for Mr. Strunsky's department, ably illustrated by Hy Mayer, the popularity among our readers which we feel it so richly deserves. Its keen insight into human nature, its brilliant comment on contemporary affairs, are qualities that give it a character which will be quickly appraised at its true worth. Among the readers of *London Punch*, Mr. Milne's friends are legion, and "Rosemary" will find in *Puck* an audience equally as happy and appreciative. A notable piece of German color work in this number is the "East Indian Dancing Girl," of Gustav Rienecker. This is one of the first of the color-plates made for *Puck* in Munich to slip through the military lines.

### PUCK'S Color Pages

Commenting on the criticism of some of our friends recently printed in these pages, the *New York Medical Journal* says:

"Several people have written to the doctor's friend, PUCK, lately to complain of some of the new pictures—"rotten as hell itself," as one of them says gently. The pictures are rapturously praised by other correspondents. Of their artistic merit there can be no two opinions; and, as to their quality, it seems to us that anyone who objects to them has a mind of pathological suggestibility."

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East Indian Dancing Girl	Gustav Rienecker
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Disguised	Nelson Greene

Other Drawings by W. E. Hill, Donald Gardner and Ralph Barton

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The Puppet Shop	(Illustrated by Ralph Barton)	George Jean Nathan
Puck's Golf Idiot		P. A. Valle

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'E says to me,  
"Dad, don't you  
think we'd bet-  
ter 'op it?" And  
we 'opped it into  
the backyard.

The backyard was  
in Hartlepool and  
they 'opped because  
of the German shells.

There was a little girl  
running in the street  
and a great crash  
came around her—  
and she was gone.

The girl lived in Hartlepool,  
whose bombardment is viv-  
idly described by Frederick  
Palmer in an article en-  
titled "Bringing the War  
to England." Read it in  
the January 30th issue of

5¢ a copy  
**Collier's**  
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



# SEE AMERICA FIRST —on GOODRICH TIRES

America will look mighty good to you this year—better than it's ever looked before. You are going to take that motor trip *this season*, through the most wonderful land under the sun—a land with every variety of climate and scenery, and with marvels that you cannot match in any country the world over. Your golden opportunity has arrived—you can now "discover America."

Where is the equal of the Grand Canyon, the Garden of the Gods, the Petrified Forest of Arizona? Where abroad can you get that breath of long forgotten civilizations—older than history—that comes from the Pueblos? It's a land of a score of "Switzerland"—of inland lakes that elsewhere would be called seas.

And it's all at your very front door—so to speak. Your car brings it all to you—and, greatest help of all, *Goodrich points the way.*

Just drop a card to the **Goodrich Touring Bureau** at Akron, Ohio, and we'll come right back with directions for your entire trip. We'll supply road maps, tell you every bridge you must cross, point out every fork in the road. And all at our own expense. No obligation whatever—just **Goodrich Service.**

Another thing—this Service follows you all the way. Our branches and dealers are everywhere: Tire service is a question of but a few hours wherever you land.

**But go right**—do not handicap your car and pave the way for troubles on the road by choosing an inferior Tire. *There is one Tire you can trust for an extended motor trip and that one is the*

## Goodrich Safety Tread

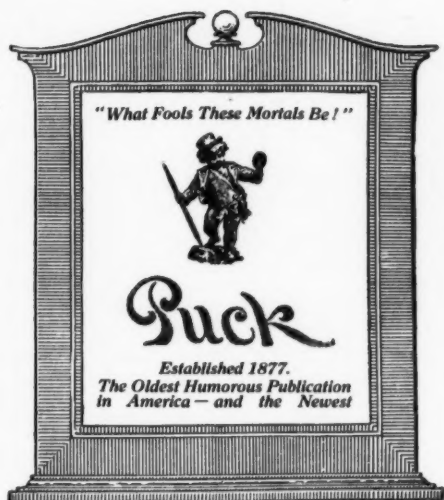
It is the Tire that looks mighty good to the user seeking the Big, Trustworthy, Long-Mileage Tire—and the more miles you go the better it looks to you.

Ride into Dixie Land, speed across golden California or through Colorado's Wonder Lands—Tire care free. For *Your trip* accept nothing less than the Tire that's

**"Best in the Long Run"**

THE B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY - Factories; Akron, Ohio



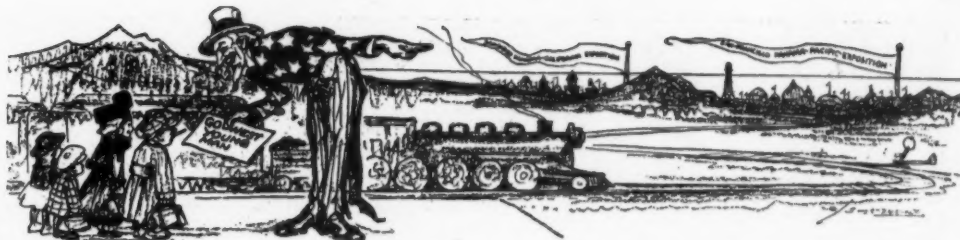


VOL. LXXVII. No. 1978. WEEK ENDING JAN. 30, 1915

## WHERE WE STAND ON EUROPE'S WAR

We are asked daily—verbally and through the mail—on what side Ruck stands in this war. Ruck is on neither side. Ruck is on the side of Peace; the sooner and the more lasting, the better.

As between the combatants, we know too little of the history of the causes of the war to draw any just conclusions as to the merits of either side. We know too little as to the exact conditions not only of the murder at Serajevo, the immediate cause of the war, but the more remote causes such as commercial rivalry between the various countries and especially the situation as to what arrangements the French did or did not have with the Belgians, permitting them to march through Belgium in case of war. To judge justly of the merits of each side, all these points would have to be cleared up. They never will be. They never can be.



We must therefore base our judgment as to the war not on the merits of the past, of which we are and must remain in ignorance, but rather on the merits of the future. Since we cannot decide to whom should go the victory in justice, we must decide for ourselves to whom should go the victory for the greatest advantage to the world as a whole.

If Germany wins, or rather if Germany is victorious in the military sense—for no country can really win either financially, materially or culturally by this war—if Germany is victorious, it means that the junker-militarist clique of Prussia will be victorious; it means that the worst element in Germany will be more firmly entrenched than ever, not only in their own conceit but in the institutions of Germany itself. A victory for Germany means no advance, either within or without Germany, for German culture, German technical skill, German thoroughness and the German energy in which Germany's real greatness consists. On the contrary, it means a sagging of all these forces; it means for Germany, as well as for the rest of the world, a devotion of time, energy and money to armament and engines of destruction beyond anything that the world has heretofore seen. A victory for Germany means a victory for the spirit of militarism and warfare.

On the other hand, how will a victory for the Allies affect Germany? It will mean that the junker-militarist clique will be permanently unseated from their position of power, will be thrown to the background; and that the real Germany, intellectual and commercial Germany,

will have a wider and greater chance than ever before. The defeat will not be a German defeat, but a Prussian-militarist defeat, and the advantage of this defeat will be greater to Germany itself than to the rest of the world.

And yet to the rest of the world a victory for the Allies will mean much. It will mean the end of the contest of armaments, the end of the race to see which nation can spend most in that form of activity which has the least positive useful economic result. It will mean the subsidence of false patriotism and the narrow nationalism that lies at the bottom of all war. For us as Americans, especially, the destruction of militarist-Germany would mean much. In the past fifteen years there has been only one nation whose press has scoffed and sneered at the Monroe Doctrine, only one nation that has looked with jealousy at our commercial and intellectual progress. There is no novelty in this statement; there is no secret about it. The only nation that really envies us, the only European nation from which we have something to fear in the military sense, is Germany, and the destruction of militarist-Prussia will mean for the United States an end to the menace of this war. Yet we must think not only of ourselves. We do think only of ourselves, but the cause of peace and progress, culture and commercial advancement in every country. For us as Americans the destruction of militarist-Germany would mean much, but hardly more than it would mean for the Allies, for the other neutral countries, or, in all truth, for the best element in Germany itself.



"SEEING GEORGIA"

DRAWN BY NELSON GREENE

The Shame of the Frank Case is reflected in the scorn and horror of the other States



Mrs. Van Strong and her daughters try to look as if they needed a trip to Palm Beach



## ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE

Text by A. A. MILNE

Illustrations by W. E. HILL

## I.—AN OPENING

When I have shaken hands with my hostess and apologized for being so late, I never know what to do next. Some men make a bee-line for the son of the house and ask him what's for dinner, but I have been better brought up. Generally I find myself standing first on one leg, and then on the other, fingering my tie, and wondering if there is anyone who would like me to point out that the day has been a beautiful one.

I was carrying on in this way, when my host came up to me.

"You're taking in Miss Daintry," he said. "I don't think you know her." He brought me up to a lonely girl and explained: "This is Mr. William Denny." I bowed and said to myself: "Her nose is too short." It is not, of course, a remark which one makes aloud. I then prepared to say something pleasant to her.

But what?

"Are you *the* William Denny?" she said brightly, just as I was thinking of something.

As soon as the ice is broken I am all right. Anyway I am always fluent and, I think, well-informed on the subject of myself.

"I seem to be, to-night," I said. I wondered who the other, the famous William Denny was; or if she could possibly have read my little brochure (or book, as ordinary people say) called "The Road to Happiness." My theory of happiness is roughly that—but you will understand it better if you buy the book. It costs two shillings and sixpence, and the publishers give me a penny or so for myself every six months, according to whether one or two copies have been sold.

"I always ask everybody that," smiled Miss Daintry. "I find it's much the best way of beginning."

I looked at her in surprise.

"Do you mean you've never heard of any sort of a William Denny at all?"

"Not any sort, I'm quite certain. Are there lots of you?"

"Yes. No. I don't—Hullo, they're all going in."

I gave her my arm. "Now," I said, as we descended the stairs, "please explain."

"Well, it's like this," said Miss Daintry. "Suppose Mr. John Brown is introduced to me. Well, of course, I might say: 'What a lovely day it's been. Have you been doing anything exciting?'"

*In the making of sprightly conversation, no humorous writer excels A. A. Milne. Mr. Milne, whose sketches have long been a feature of London Punch, brings to Puck's pages the Rosemary Dialogues. Rosemary is worth knowing. She will be "at home" in every issue of Puck for a number of weeks.*

"You might," I agreed, and I shuddered to think how nearly I had said it myself.

"And it isn't a bad opening either. Because if he says 'Golf' then I ask him what his handicap is and how many bunkers he's been into, and—so on all through dinner. And if he says 'Only work' then I say pleasantly: 'Is that exciting?' And, of course, he tells me all about it, which may take weeks. One way or another, there's bound to be conversation."

"Mostly by him."

"Oh, well, I do my share." We found our seats and she went on. "Well, this year I thought I'd try and get a little more fun out of it. So as soon as we're introduced I say in an interested voice: 'Oh, are you *the* John Brown?'"

"You mean the one whose soul goes marching along?"

Miss Daintry smiled and accepted some soup.

"Well, let's call him John Smith," she said. "I say: 'Are you *the* John Smith?' Then he

can do one of three things. He can be funny." She stopped and helped herself to toast.

"I don't quite see how he can be funny," I said thoughtfully. "At least, it doesn't come to me at the moment."

"Well, he might be jocular."

I tried to think of something jocular for him, but failed. Still that doesn't say that some other John Smith mightn't have had a dash. "All right," I agreed, "he might be jocular. Next."

"Next he might be pleasantly—er—pleasantly courteous." She gave me half a smile and added: "Like you. I mean," she explained, "he might be rather nice, and—and ready, and—"

"I know," I said. "Like me."

"But in nine cases out of ten he just tells me all about himself. He says with a modest smile: 'So you've read my book?'"

I blushed into my soup. I could see the rich tomato reflection.

"What a conceited thing to say," I exclaimed loudly, and began to eat a lot of bread.

"Oh, men are perfectly lovely when they talk about themselves," said Miss Daintry, happily.

I looked at her again and decided that her nose wasn't too short. It was just short enough.

"I wonder," I said, "how it would work if the man talked first. Let's just try it, shall we?"

"All right," said Miss Daintry, with a smile waiting at the corners of her eyes.

"We'll suppose we've just been introduced. H'r'm! Are you *the* Miss Daintry?"

"So you've read my book?" she said modestly.

"I'm afraid not. I have very little time for reading. What is it called?"

"Dinner Table Topics," she laughed.

"Ah! And the author's name?"

"Rosemary Daintry."

"Rosemary," I murmured to myself. She waited for the next question. "No," I said. "That's all. That's all I wanted to know."

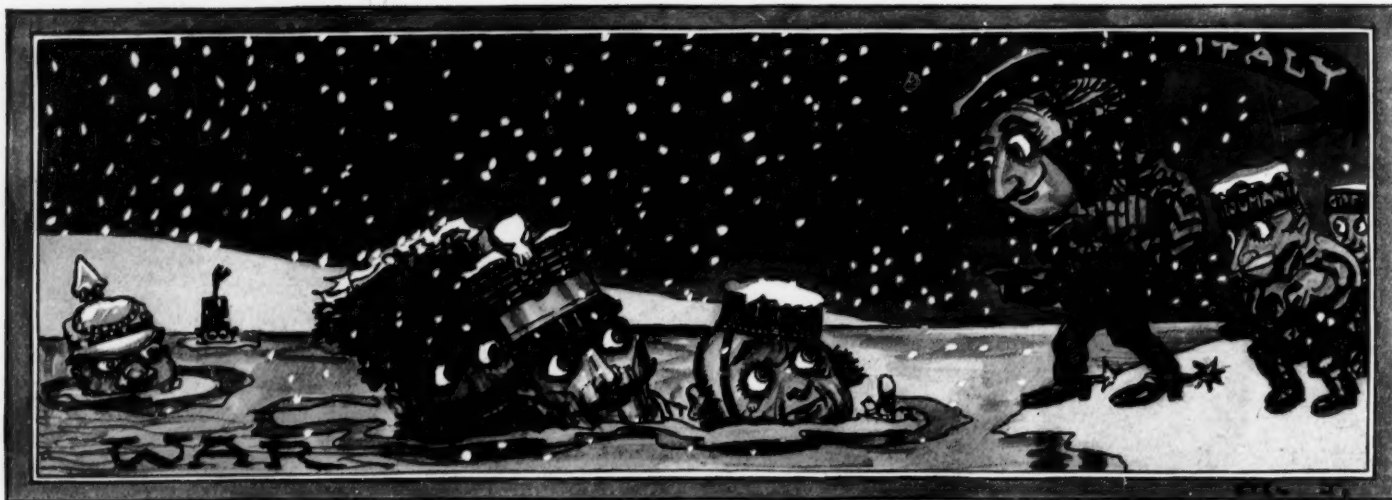
Rosemary. I liked the name. And since her nose wasn't too short I liked the face. I decided that one day I would tell her all about myself.

(To be continued)



*Her nose wasn't too short; it was just short enough*





## THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by DANA BURNET

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

Our native tourists view the war  
With earnest approbation—  
It gives them such a lovely chance  
To see their own fair nation.  
Poincaré, with stern but tearful mien,  
Has quashed the absinthe traffic;  
The druggists cursed  
The Doctors' Trust,  
And Taft is still seraphic.

The sweet-voiced bells of Tenafly  
Were sued for too much chiming;  
The public begged its warlike bards  
To cease their deadly rining.  
Cap. Hanna says our coast could be  
Japaned with little trouble;  
The Balkan States  
Are bumping pates,  
And Turkey proved a bubble.

John D. has three score 'phones and ten  
At Pocantico Manor—  
Each time the oil-king pays his bill  
The Talk Trust waves a banner.  
The Central Road of Michigan  
Has turned to lady waiters;  
The Southland blooms  
With brides and grooms,  
And Gotham's clogged with skaters.



Berlin is sending war reports  
In neutral Esperanto;  
Gutierrez at the latest date  
Was packing his portmanteau.  
Doc. Sun invited Colonel Ted  
To ride the Chinese Dragon;  
The Navy sits  
And knits and knits,  
And Russia's on the wagon.



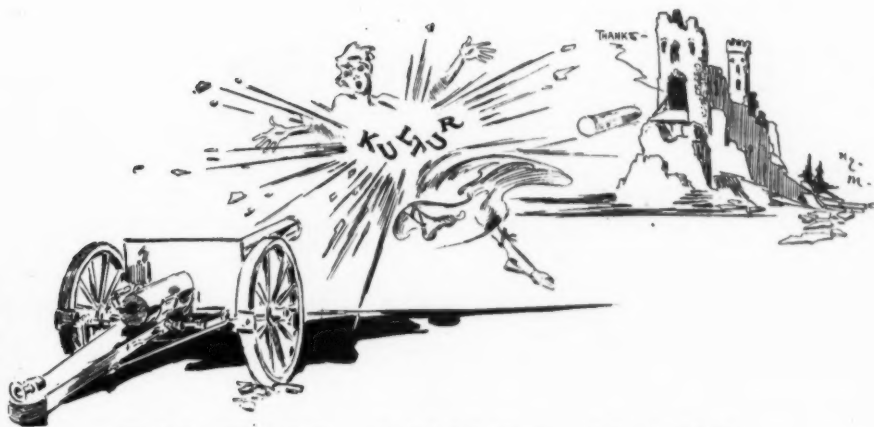
The "Merry Widow" gentleman  
Was waltzed away to prison;  
Sir Woodrow shook his colors out  
And nailed 'em to the mizzen.  
Vienna had its Fashion Show  
Despite the far from gay news;  
The price of beans  
Is causing scenes,  
And Boston mourns her menus.

The Dame who rules Chicago's schools  
Says boys should practice sewing—  
In case of war the needle corps  
Would keep the country going.  
Mortality of married men  
Is very high in Jersey;  
"I'll scratch your fleece,"  
Said France to Greece,  
"If you'll do vicey versey."

A Philadelphia botanist  
Who seems both wise and witty,  
Has learned to put a plant to sleep—  
Who couldn't, in that city?  
Carranza passed a marriage law  
Permitting trial spouses—  
How troubles grow  
In Mexico!  
And Steinbach lost its houses.







## ON THE OTHER HAND—

By Simeon Strunsky

Illustrated by Hy Mayer

This number of PUCK, devoted to the charm of travel in America, would be incomplete without the discordant note. It is my pleasure and privilege to sound it. The fallacy in "Seeing America First" is obvious. There are, primarily, two things for which Americans go to Europe—ruins and culture. In neither field can this country compete with the Old World, least of all at a time when European culture and European ruins are passing through the greatest boom in the records of industry. If anything beside ruins and culture comes close to the American heart, and consequently to the American tourist's heart, it is a crowd; and the Continent at present is simply overrun with tourists of its own. There are, perhaps, as many as twenty millions of them, and they are engaged in seeing Europe on \$20,000,000 and ten thousand lives a day.

Consider von Kluck's Tours through Belgium and Northern France. Half a million men in a single personally conducted party, combining pleasant exercise with instruction. Try von Kluck and you will go nowhere else. He takes charge of a man at the point of departure and drops him at one of a hundred desirable destinations without the slightest trouble or responsibility to the tourist. As many stopovers as the health or convenience of the traveler requires. Heavy baggage transported with the utmost care and dispatch, either entire or where the state of the roads make it necessary, in as many as four sections—gun-carriage, barrel, breech, and recoil machinery. The most detailed maps and the most experienced guides—horse, foot, and aeroplane. The food is the best that the market gardens of the Meuse and the Aisne can offer. Von Kluck's meal tickets are honored all over Belgium, and will be accepted, without question, in a thousand village inns in Northern France. Von Kluck's tourists may always be sure of the best accommodations. French landlords have been known to give up their entire establishment to visitors and to seek refuge for themselves twenty or thirty miles away, or even as far as Bordeaux.

No antiquated scenery or historic monuments. Ruined chateaus and churches created where none exist and existing ruins continually improved. Historic battlefields made to order; unlimited souvenirs. Monotonous landscapes diversified with miles of artistically cut trenches. Gripping bits of night-life around Compiègne and Ypres. Side trips everywhere. Louvain, boasting of the most roomy library in the world's history with the possible exception of Alexandria; beautiful Dinant with its incomparable bridges of twisted steel and iron; Rheims with a cathedral no one should miss since there is no telling if it will be there for the season of 1916. Letters home delivered promptly after the spelling has been carefully revised. Terms—none. What have we in America to compete with von Kluck?

See Poland with von Hindenburg. Learn to talk intelligently about Skiernewice and Vlots-lavek. Get the bracing effects of the Continental winter. Study the habits and psychology of foreign races under the most diverse circumstances—shrapnel, bayonet, fire and flood. This tour may be specially recommended for travelers of an active disposition. Von Hindenburg leaves

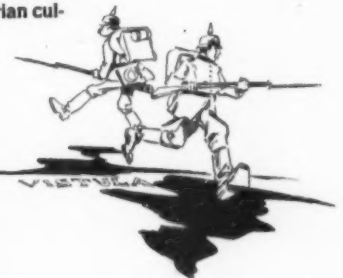
you in better physical trim than he finds you. Twenty miles a day from the frontier to the Vistula, twenty-five miles a day from the Vistula to the frontier. The secret of success is concentration. Learn one thing well. You will know Poland well when you have spent three months with von Hindenburg, and have advanced from west to east four times and retreated from east to west also four times. Get acquainted with the Vistula. Read what the Austrians have said about the river. Crossing and recrossing the Vistula is a popular week-end excursion in Viennese circles. Terms—none.



No American river can rival the opportunities which the Vistula now holds out.

All over Europe the tourist crowds under official management flow back and forth. Large sections of the Russian population are seeing Galicia under conditions quite as fascinating if not quite so comfortable as travelers enjoy under the von Kluck bureau in western Europe. A great many Frenchmen are taking the Joffre & Pau trips in Alsace, making gentle progress at the rate of three hundred yards a month, frequently retracing their steps and coming on again, in varying number but with undiminished curiosity. Large numbers of Belgians, British, French, and Germans are going in for the winter sports on the Yser.

I have spoken only of the regulated tourist traffic conducted by firms of much experience in the business. Add to these the great mass of unattached tourists—women and children who have been seeing Belgium on their own account under the general impetus of German culture; women and children who have been seeing East Prussia and Galicia under the impetus of Russian culture; women and children who have been seeing Serbia under the impetus of Austrian culture. Compared with what Europe can offer to-day what are the superficial attractions of Palm Beach, Pasadena, and Hot Springs?



## A STRANGER SEES AMERICA

Prince Ivan Unterlinden Deauvieux Percyval is coming to America to plead the cause of his country. His country might be any of the belligerents, but, in the interests of neutrality and the reader, we refuse to make him speak in dialect. As the great liner "Gastric" reaches quarantine, one hour from New York, the ship news reporter for *The Daily Scream* hops aboard. He seeks the Prince.

REPORTER: Prince?

PRINCE: Ah, yes.

R.: Reporter for *The Scream*. Want to know what you think of America.

P.: I think—ah, I know—that it is a country whose great heart cannot but make it extend its sympathy to my own country in this, its hour of need. Treacherously attacked—

R.: Um, yes. But—

P.: Say in your paper that I trust to the American people to understand that in this terrible war the cause of righteousness—

R.: But just a minute—

P.: Is being fought for by my country on the bloody field of honor; that civilization must live, and that—

R.: But how about *America*? What do you think of it—the women and the high buildings and everything?

P.: Ah, that is something that I have not seen. The honor and the glory of Europe—

R.: Well, you must have some idea about it! You've seen American women. Aren't they pretty?

P.: Ah, to be sure! But—

R.: Good! Now, there's our sky-line right in front of you! Isn't it great?

P.: I am not sure that I—

R.: Fine! Now, how about the pace we live at?

P.: How is that?

R.: The pace we live at—we Americans, you know. Tell us it's terrible—that's what we like



Always See Young America First

to hear. Killing us off forty years too early, and all that sort of stuff. Never saw anything like it in Europe—so on and so on and so on.

P.: Ah, now I understand—

R.: Great! Well, so long! Thanks for the—

P.: But you will say to your readers—

R.: Sure!

P.: That the honor and the civilization of Europe are being fought and died for by the brave sons of my country; that widowed mothers, their sons at the front, face bravely—

(The reporter has disappeared, and—

On the front page of "*The Daily Scream*" next morning appears the following)

## THE AMERICAN WOMEN ARE PRETTIEST, PRINCE SAYS

Marvels at High Buildings, but  
Sounds Warning Against  
Living Too Fast

The women of America are the prettiest the world over! Prince Ivan Unterlinden Deauvieux Percyval, who arrived in New York yesterday on the "Gastric," is authority for the foregoing statement. The word of the Prince may be taken as final, for he has visited every civilized and uncivilized portion of the globe. This is his first visit to America.

"It is not only the beauty of American women which enthralled," said the Prince yesterday, "but their method of carrying themselves. There is an almost regal dignity about it. And their clothes! The women of my own country dress well, but nothing like your women of America."

"And your great buildings! There is nothing like them in Europe. I could stand and look upon them for hours; they seem to me to typify the achievements of your marvellous country! That is the word—marvellous! Everything here is marvellous, superlative, stupendous!"

"There is just one thing in which we Europeans excel you. We take our time; we do things in a leisurely and sensible manner. The great American rush—it is truly horrible! With you everything must be done at once—you rush here, you rush there! And ah! but it is shortening your lives—taking from you ten, twenty, even thirty years! You should copy after us Europeans in that respect."

While in this country the Prince will lecture on the war.

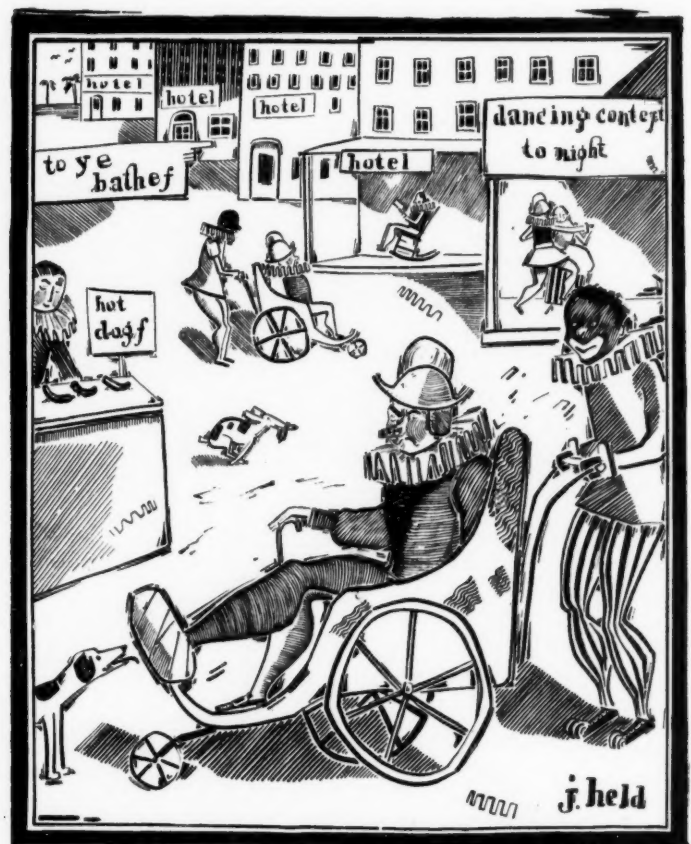
## SOME VASTNESS

MR. WAYUPP: This is a great big land of ours.  
MR. BLASE: That's right; and a fellow doesn't realize it till he travels. Why, you can actually go to places in this country where you don't owe anybody.

Enthusiasm is what differentiates  
an arc light from a tallow candle.



Balboa First Glimpses  
the Pacific Ocean



Ponce de Leon Seeks the  
Spring of Eternal Youth

UNPUBLISHED WOODCUTS





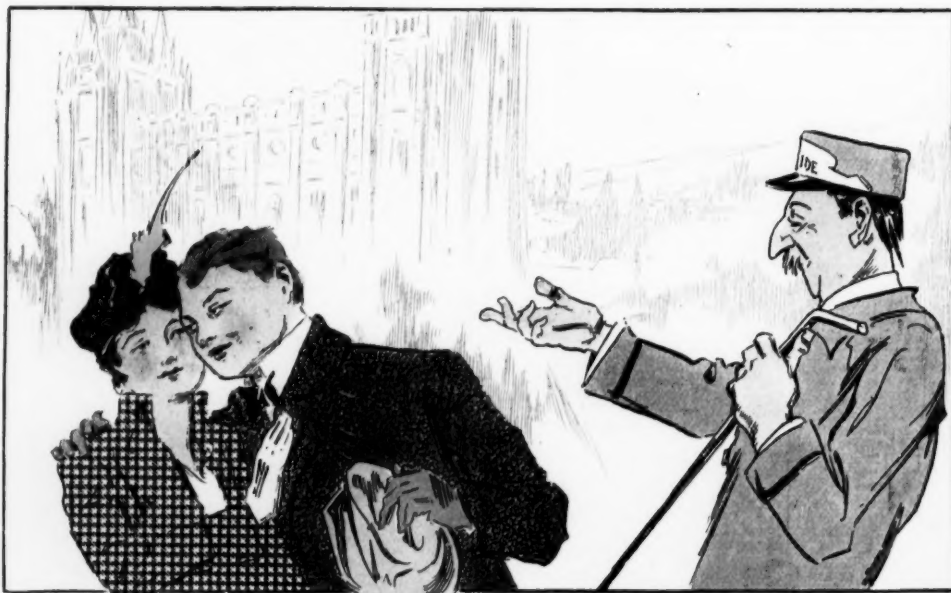
By NELSON GREENE

## UNDELETED

THE MAN (*during the second act*): This play was taken from the French.  
HIS WIFE: Apparently the Allies have abolished their censorship.



- "AND THIS IS THE FAMOUS NIAGARA FALLS - THERE AINT NO WEDDIN' TOOR COMPLETE WITHOUT THESE. - NATURE HERE DROPS FIFTEEN MILLION CUBIC FEET OF WATER EVERY - AW, WHAT'S THE USE - "



- "AND HERE WE HAVE THE FAMOUS MORMON TEMPLE. THIS PLACE IS TO THE MARRIAGE INDUSTRY WHAT FORD - AW - RUN ALONG!"



Dear Mom,  
Hedley and I are now  
What a wonderful place

WHY DO BRIDAL COUPLES "SEE AMERICA WHEN





"HERE WE HAVE BEFORE US THE NEW YORK STATE CAPITOL THAT COST TWENTY-SEVEN MILLIONS. AND THEN WE WONDER WHERE OUR MONEY GOES - AIN'T YE LISTENIN'?"



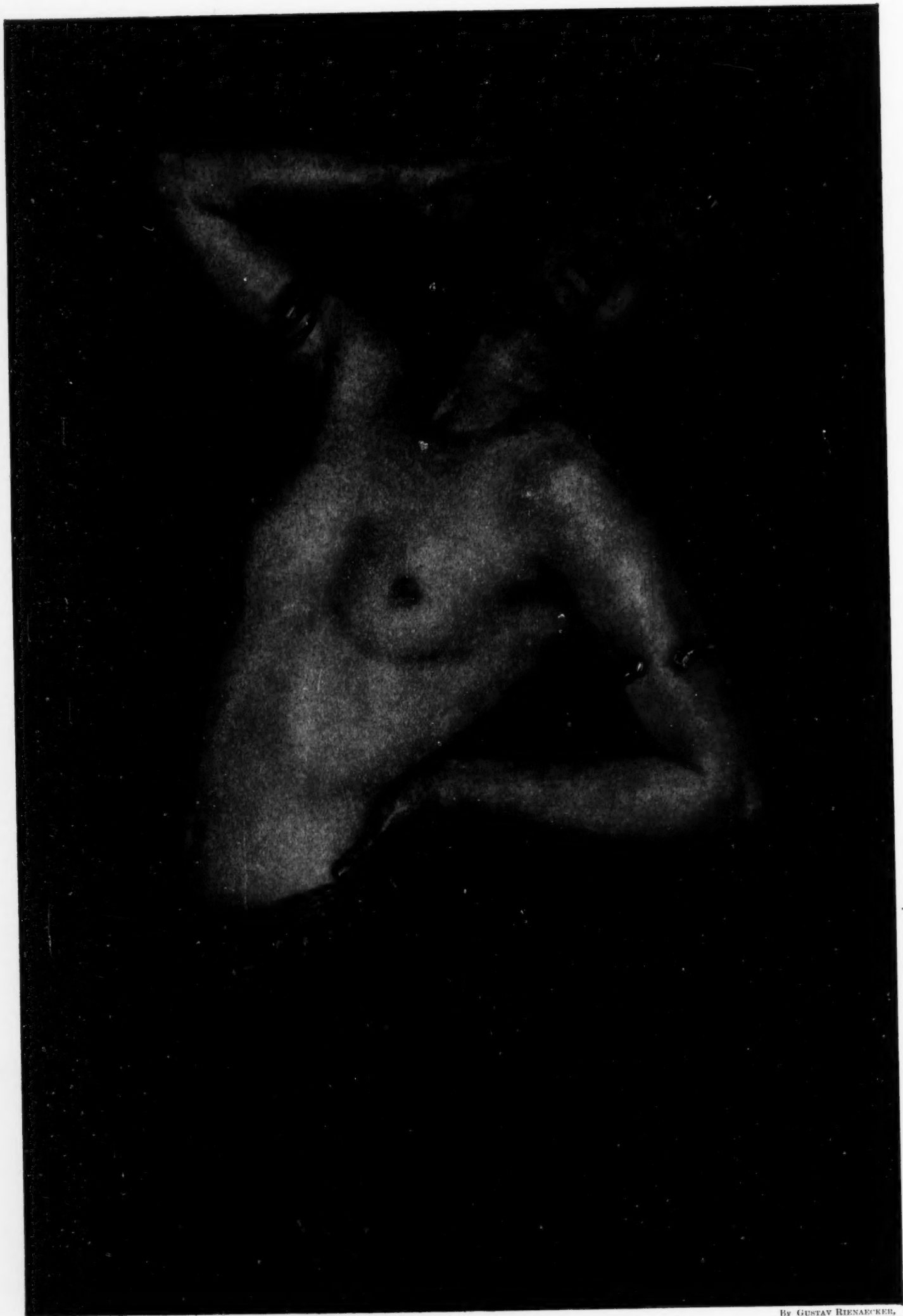
"WE ARE NOW IN THE FAMOUS RED ROOM - AS YU' CAN TELL BY THE COLOR IN WHICH THIS PICTURE IS PRINTED HEAH - RUN ALONG CHILLUN!"



"BEHOLD OUR CELEBRATED SOLDIERS' MONUMENT. OF THIS PARTICULAR DESIGN THERE ARE ONLY 984 COPIES IN THE UNITED STATES. - HAVE YE NO HOME?"

WHEN ALL THEY CAN SEE IS EACH OTHER?

By HY MAYER



EAST INDIAN DANCING GIRL

By GUSTAV RIENAECKER,  
of Munich, Painter to the  
Bavarian Royal Family



# HE HAD SEEN AMERICA

"Going fur?" asked the fat man in the smoker.

"Yes, I am contemplating quite a trip," responded the tall man. "For years I've had a hankering to see the country. Now I've made my pile, closed out my business, and am at last in a position to gratify the ambition of a lifetime. In short, I want to see America."

"Right you are, podner. I've seen Ameriky and I want to say to you that it's worth seeing. I saw it before there was any European war to make home travel fashionable. Europe ain't got nothink on this country and never had. Where are you heading for first?"

"Florida."

"I've seen it and I'd like to see it again. Wisht I was going with you. I'm only proceeding as fur as Philadelphia this trip."

"I would be glad of your company," said the tall man politely. "I am really anxious to see Florida. I want to see the fronded palms, the cocoanut trees, the coral reefs, the royal blooms of the tropics at their best."

"And don't forget the Royal Palooza Hotel. Say what you please, they can't beat it. You can see more diamonds there at breakfast than you'll see anywhere else at a political ball. Where next?"

"From there I shall go to New Orleans. I understand it is rich in old landmarks which date back to French and Spanish rule."

"I dunno about them, but the Slambang House is right down to the minute. Cooking by electricity, cocktails piped right into your room, sterilized penholders in the writing parlors, individual toothbrushes in the lavatories, and a fresh cake of soap shoved at you every two hours. Then where to?"

"California will probably be my next objective point," replied his companion. "I expect much of California."

"And you won't be disappointed," declared the fat man with enthusiasm. "There's the Great Kazique to stop at, and the Hotel Gorgeous, and the Imperial Kazuzu, to say nothing of the



PRETTY SOFT



"SEEING AMERICA"

When determined to travel on Sunday, don't consult a week-day time-table.

Grand Humdinger where the millionaires go. Take a peep at that last one, even if you don't stop there. Got a Peacock Alley two actual blocks long. Three men and a maid meet every automobile that drives up. Every servant has an understudy to wait on him, all attendants in gold braid and knee breeches, and it costs you four dollars in tips from the main entrance to the clerk's desk."

"I should like to see the wonders of the Yellowstone," said the other reflectively.

"Sure thing. Wonderful hotel there. I forget its name, but you can't miss it. Red velvet curtains throughout right down to the garage. Seven acres of ballroom floor, and you can't find your own corridor without a special guide."

"How about the grand canyon of the Colorado?"

"Oh, fine. The main hotel has a rustic effect. Bark on the outside, onyx on the inside. Grizzly bear skins instead of rugs. You can't beat it."

"Philadelphia! Philadelphia!" bawled the porter.

"Well, I get off here," said the fat man. "Good luck to you, podner; you've got a great trip ahead. I've seen Ameriky, but to really appreciate it, every man has gotta see it for himself. Now, take Philadelphia, for instance. Some say it's slow, but I dunno. The Hotel Mazuma—"

Here the porter annexed his grip and towed him out.

## WAR'S EFFECT

NORTHERNER: Has the European War affected you people down here?

SOUTHERN NEGRO: Yes, suh. Powerfully, suh! Dere's Cunel Sharp, foh example, suh—him dat used to tell about de time in de Rebellion when he smit a thousand Yankees in one day. Dat was some rem'niscence, suh; but since August he dun mixed sech a lot ob Turcos an' Belgians an' Cossacks in dat story dat yo can hardly unfathom it. Ah tells yo de wah hab suttinly 'dulterated our wah-stories, suh.

## HER VIEW

MRS. WAYUPP: Will you have a long itinerary in Florida?

MRS. BLASE: Yes; but I guess you don't have to wear much under it.

## SAME THING

WILLIS (telling of the Grand Canyon): I tell you it is stupendous. You can't imagine the feelings that overwhelm a man when he sees the Grand Canyon rising coldly and majestically four thousand feet above him.

GILLIS: Yes I can. I know how my wife looks standing at the top of the stairs when I come in at three a.m.

## THEIR CALENDAR

TEACHER: Which calendar do we use—the Gregorian or the Julian?

WILLIAM: Neither; ours is from the Blinkenstutter Brewing Co.



THE WINNING THROW

## WHILE THE PIANO TINKLED

Hand-in-hand, they saw America first—her majestic waterfalls, her trackless prairies, her sky-piercing mountains.

There had been talk of the German Rhine, but the sparkling Susquehanna drove it out of their minds; the living wonders of the Yellowstone banished treasured thoughts of the dead spectacles of Greece and Italy; bathing-suited Palm Beach in December laughed the Riviera to scorn.

"Now, was I right or wrong?" he taunted her tenderly, as they gazed in awe at the snow-capped Rockies. "What can Europe show to compare with all this?"

"You are always right, Fred," she sighed. "It has been heavenly!"

"And how much cheaper than the European thing!" he reminded her.



It was true. A dime bought the best seat in the Little Grand, where The Natural Beauties of America was showing in the great Pathograph series of Saturday night educational films, while the meanest gallery seats for Burton Newdorf's illustrated lecture on Scenic Europe (for which she had held out at first) called for a quarter apiece.

## PRESENT VARIETY

NEW YORKER (to Sunday evening dinner guest): I fear that in your travels in this country you will miss the "continental Sunday," old man.

EUROPEAN (smilingly): What makes you think I'd rather fight than eat?

## MISSING NOTHING

HIGHBROW GUEST (on porch of Southern hotel in evening): Yonder is Saturn.

LOWBROW GUEST: Point it out to me. Not that I care a rap, only just so I can tell the fellows back North that I saw it.



## WOULD HE CHANGE?

NORTHERN SPORT: I want room number 47, same one I had last year.

SOUTHERN HOTEL CLERK: Yes sir; but—er—the Chicago widow who had 46 last year is in 63 now.

## A GREAT MAN SPEAKS

What Benjamin Harrison  
Thought of Military Exercises

In view of the widespread and favorable publicity given to PUCK's proposal that military drill in American colleges be made compulsory, thereby laying the foundation of a "peace reserve" of trained men, a letter by the late Benjamin Harrison, written while he was President, is of exceptional interest. Hitherto little known, it is a valuable contribution to the discussion of the moment. President Harrison wrote as follows:

"My opinion of the suggestion that military instruction and drill be used in all schools for boys is that it is good in every aspect of it—good for the boys, good for the schools, and good for the country. A free, erect, graceful carriage of the body is an acquisition and a delight. It has a value in commerce, as well as in war. Arms and legs are distressing appendages to a boy under observation, until he has been taught the use of them in repose. The chin is too neighborly with the chest, and the eyes find the floor too soon; they need to have the fifteen paces marked off. The sluggish need to be quickened, and the quick taught to stand, the wilful to have no will, and all to observe fast. The disputatious need to learn that there are conditions where debate is inadmissible, the power and beauty there is in a company—moved by one man and as one man. Athletic sports have their due, perhaps undue attention in most of the colleges and high schools. None of these exercises or sports are, however, a substitute for military drill; and some of them create a new need for it. A good oarsman need not be erect or graceful, a good arm and plenty of wind meets his needs. The champion "cyclist" is not apt to have square shoulders. The football captain is so padded that a safe judgment can hardly be formed as to his natural "lines;" but a good leg and momentum seems to me—a non-expert—to be his distinctive marks. In baseball the pitcher seems, to an occasional observer, to have parted with all his natural grace to endow the curved ball.

"Military drill develops the whole man—head, chest, arms, and legs proportionately; and so promotes symmetry, and corrects the excesses of other forms of exercise. It teaches quickness of eye and ear, hand and foot; qualifies men to step and act in unison; teaches subordination; and, best of all, qualifies a man to serve his country. The flag now generally floats above the school-house, and what more appropriate than that the boys should be instructed in the use of it? It will not lower their book recitations I am sure. If rightly used, it will wake them up, make them more healthy, develop their pride, and promote school order."

## IF YOU BELIEVE THE NATIVES

WILLIS: How was your trip South this winter?  
GILLIS: Funniest coincidences I ever saw. I've been there seven winters and each was the only one that they ever had frost in Florida, snow in Hot Springs, and a drop of rain in California.



## DISGUISED





By C. B. FALLS

**No Apologies** To anyone under nine or over ninety the holiday season is either a bore or a tragedy (naturally, I except parents with children). Old Scrooge represents the Christmas mood of many; he is less a monster than supposed. Optimism rampant and selfish is as huge a humbug as sour-bellied pessimism. The happy mean is not always attainable, for we can't order our temperament around as if it were a servant on board wages. Life is the proof of our thought. "We are such stuff as dreams are made on." There is nothing absolutely insignificant in the world. Little things count. Only in the sublime alibi of dreams do we escape rasping realities. And I've noticed, despite windy talk about the "Brotherhood of Man," that the best means to establish solidarity is to keep men far apart. United we fall; divided we stand. Familiarity breeds politics, and politics —! Oh, well, I started out to say that I'm tired of theatres (no wonder), sick of new books, and thus far the Fine Arts haven't been any too interesting. Remains music. Yes, music is always welcome. "Music is a dissolvent," wisely wrote Henry James. But man can't live on tone alone, so to-day I'm going to play hookey, hush! and amuse myself. Incidentally, I hope I may amuse you. Otherwise—dodge this page!

**Anno Domini 1950** Tired business man awakes at his regular hour. Rings for his man, who promptly appears with the morning papers. "Ah, good morning, Sikes; any news? Same old thing, I suppose." Sikes (in a chatty mood): "Good Lord, sir, plenty of news, sir. The Russians are drinking grape-juice. The new British navy went into action yesterday and was totally annihilated, sir. That makes the sixth in ten years. The Japanese capital is now Constantinople. The Portuguese Purple Book is published. The new German army was trapped by the Hallies, sir, and is bagged—beg your pardon, sir, captured, I meant. The Turks have all been baptized. They say the Germans can't get another five million men before next week. The Russians are still sweeping the East with their broom, and the Hallies are still 'hurling' back the reports that they are not invading Berlin, and Mr. Shaw says—" "Stop! what day is this?" interrupts the business man, with a yawn. "It's Friday, sir, the thirteenth of the month, in the year 1925, to be precise," discreetly added the valet. "I guess this stale yarn will last till 1950. Good Heavens, but it's stupid. Get my morning cocaine ready, Sikes." "Yes, sir, at once, sir." Vanishes with all the papers, which he will presently read to the cook, who hails from Tipperary, and is married to a Polish-Hungarian from East Grand Street.

**The Woman Who Buys** She (entering art gallery): "I wish to buy a Titian for my bridge whist this evening. Is it possible for you to send me one to the hotel in time?" He (nervously elated): "Impossible. I sent the last Titian we had in stock to Mrs. Groats' Dejeuner Feroce." She (making a face): "That woman again. Oh, dear, how tiresome!" He (eagerly): "But I can give you a Raphael." She (dubiously): "Raphael—who?" He (magisterially): "There are three Raphaels, Madame—the archangel of that name, Raphael Sanzio, the painter, and Raphael Joseffy. It is to the second one I allude. Perhaps you would like to see—" She (hurriedly): "Oh! not at all. I fancy it's all right. Send it up this afternoon, or hadn't I better take it along in my car?" (A shrill hurry-up boing is heard without. It is the voice of the siren on a new one hundred horse-power Cubist machine, 1915 pattern.) She (guiltily): "Tiens! That is my chauffeur, Constant. The poor fellow. He is always so hungry about this time. By the way, Mr. Frame, how much do you ask for that Raphael? My husband is so—

yes, really, stingy this winter. He says I buy too much, forgetting we are all beggars, anyhow. And what is the subject? I want some thing cheerful for the game, you know. It consoles the kickers who lose to look at a pretty picture." He (joyfully): "Oh, the price! The subject! A half million is the price—surely not too much. The picture is called 'The Wooling of Eve.' It has been engraved by Bartolozzi. Oh, oh, it is a genuine Raphael. There are no more imitation old masters, only modern art is forged nowadays." She (interrupting, proudly): "Bartolozzi, the man who paints skinny women in Florence, something like Boldini, only in old-fashioned costumes?" He (resignedly): "No, Madame. Possibly you allude to Botticelli. The Bartolozzi I mention was a school friend of Raphael, or a cousin to Michael Angelo—I've forgotten which. That's why he engraved Raphael's paintings." (He colors as he recalls conflicting dates.) She (in a hurry): "It doesn't much matter, Mr. Frame, I hate all this affectation over a lot of musty, fusty pictures. Send it up with the bill. I ought to win at least half the money from Mrs. Stonerich." (She rushes away. An odor of violets and stale cigarette smoke floats through the hallway. The siren screams, and a rumbling is heard in the middle distance.) He (waking, as if from a sweet dream, vigorously shouts): "George, George, fetch down that canvas Schmiere painted for us last summer, and stencil it 'Raphael Sanzio,' Yes—S-a-n-z-i-o—got it? Hurry up! I'm off for the day. If anyone 'phones, I'm over at Sherry's, in the Cafe." (Saunters out, swinging his stick, and repeating the old Russian proverb, "A dark forest is the heart of a woman.")

**A Pastel in Pessimism** From his attic of dreams, from his tower of Ivory and spleen, the morose impressionist saw unrolling beneath him a double lane of light; tall poles bearing two-electric lamps on either side of the avenue, throwing patches of metallic blue upon the glistening, damp pave—veritable fragments of shivering luminosity; saw the interminable stretch of humid asphalt stippled by rare notes of dull crimson, exigent lanterns of some fat citizen contractor. Occasional trolley cars projecting vivid shafts of canary-color into the mist, traversed with vertiginous speed and hollow thundering the dreary roadway. It was now midnight. On the street were buttresses of granite; at unrhymic intervals gloomy apartment houses reared to the clouds their oblong ugliness, attracting, by their bulky magnetism, the vagrom winds, which tease, agitate, and buffet unfortunate ones afoot in this melancholy canyon of steam, steel, and marble. A huge bug-like motor-car, its antennae vibrating fire, tremulously slipped through the casual pools of shadowed cross-lights, hummed and swam so softly that it might have been mistaken for a novel, timorous, amphibian monster, neither boat nor machine. To the faded nerves of the fantastic impressionist, aloft in his ineluctable cage, this undulating blur of blue and gray and frosty white, these ebon silhouettes of hushed brassy palaces, and the shimmering wet night, did but evoke the exasperating tableau of a petrified Venice. Venice overtaken by a drought eternal; an aerial Venice of cliff-dwellers in lieu of harmonious gondoliers; a Venice of tarnished twilights, in which canals were transposed to the key of stone, across which trailed and dripped superficial rain and implacable skies—rain upright and scowling. And the soul of the poet ironically posed its own acid pessimism in the presence of this salty chill, and cruel city, a Venice of receded seas, a spun iron Venice, sans faith, sans hope, sans chimera. (Naturally, the poet saw New York as if in a sinister black cloud—had he not just sworn off for 1915!)

I'll eat my hat, or swallow the dictionary, if that pastel doesn't make some of my friends—the young word-slingers—jealous. If it doesn't, then is verbal art dead in Manhatta—"mast-hemmed Manhatta," as old Walt

(Continued on page 20)

# Ruck The Puppet Shop

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

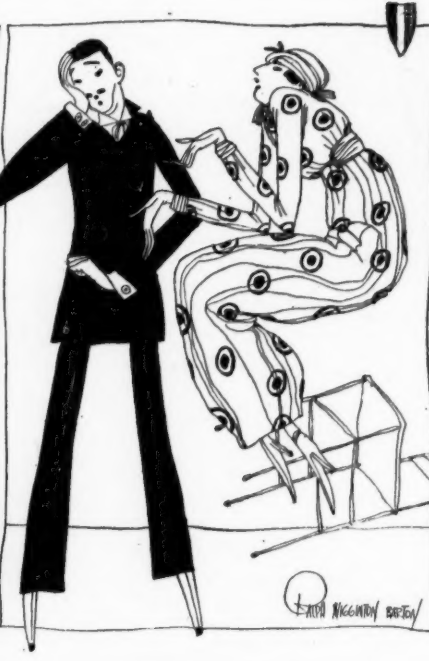
Illustrations by RALPH BARTON



"Oh, John, John!"



"Oh, Charles, Charles!"



"Oh, Raoul, Raoul!"

## "Love Letters of an Actress"

(NOTE: In the last half dozen years, I have read thirty-six different anonymous magazine stories, and eighteen small books with titles more or less like the above. The letters indicated were, in each case, transparently spurious documents from some supposed lady mummer to some supposed lover at a distance, breathing hotly of love and longing. I herewith present to you some of the *real*, and probably typical, love letters of an actress.)

### I DEAREST MYSELF:

I opened last night and I made the hit of the show; simply ran away with it. Seven curtain calls for me at the end of the first act, ten after the second, and fourteen after the third!

With all my love, LUCILLE.

### II MY OWN DEAREST SELF:

We've been playing a week now and I am getting better in my part all the time. Everybody says so! I am superb!! If they don't star me by next Monday, I'll leave them flat. My performance is an admirable one, unsurpassed by any actress of the day!

Lovingly and admiringly,  
LUCILLE.

### III WONDERFUL LUCILLE:

I am simply peerless! I may as well admit it. I am greater than Bernhardt ever thought of being—and as for the clothes I wear, well, Sarah or any other actress could never have so much as held a candle to me! I am a star now and the envy of every other actress in the world! What a genius I am!!

Adoringly, LUCILLE.

*Audience.*—An obsolete word, formerly used to designate something that filled theatres. (See moving-picture, star-system, "greatest play in twenty years," Tyson, etc.)

## WHY BUY THEATRE TICKETS???

### OWN YOUR OWN THEATRE!!!

WE HAVE IN STOCK  
299  
CHAIRS WHICH WE WILL SELL  
CHEAP

Apply  
GRAND RAPIDS FURNITURE CO.

News item from the New York theatrical calendar for the week beginning December 21, 1914: This week's "little theatre" is at No. 205 East 57th Street, and is called "The Bandbox."



"My Own Dearest Self"

## Married Woman and the Drama

### British

#### ACT I

Drawing-room in Sir John Charteris' house, Lowndes Square.—"Oh, oh, if only John would talk to me as you talk to me, Robert!"

#### ACT II

Captain Robert Stafford's chambers in St. James'. Three weeks later; 11.30 p.m.—"How dare you, you brute! And I trusted you!"

#### ACT III

Same as Act I. The next morning.—"Oh, John, John. Take me into your arms and keep me with you!"

### American

#### ACT I

Library of the Adams's house.—"Oh, oh, if only Charles would talk to me as you talk to me, Harry!"

#### ACT II

Harry Venable's bachelor apartment in the Towers. Two weeks later; 11.30 p.m.—"How dare you, you brute! And I trusted you!"

#### ACT III

Same as Act I. The next morning.—"Oh, Charles, Charles. Take me into your arms and keep me with you!"

### French

#### ACT I

At the villa of Raoul Delpierre.—"Oh, oh, if only Raoul would talk to me as you talk to me, Jacques!"

#### ACT II

Boudoir of Madame Berthe Delpierre. Five minutes later.—"\*\*\*!! \*\*\*!! \*\*\*!!!"

#### ACT III

Same as Act I. Six years later.—"Oh, Raoul, Raoul, take me into your arms and keep me with you!"



## The American Humor

The leading elements in the American humor, in the order of their popularity:

1. Speculation as to how Venus di Milo lost her arms.
2. What she was doing with them before she lost them.



## Rules of Etiquette for the Theatre

1. Never, under any circumstance, stick the toe of your shoe through the back of the seat of the person sitting in front of you. It scratches the patent leather.
2. It is improper at present for a gentleman to invite a lady to spend an evening at the theatre. If the lady accepts, she will probably never forgive him.
3. Do not talk audibly while the play is going on. It is always better to swear under one's breath.

4. Always get to the theatre on time. Do not, under any circumstance, arrive after the curtain is up. The noise and bustle attendant to the finding of your seat, if you arrive after the play has begun, inconveniences many persons in the audience by waking them up.

5. If the lady seated in front of you insists upon keeping her hat on and thus obscures your view of the stage, do not complain. You may be glad of it before the evening is over.

6. The jokes printed in the program should not be read haphazardly during a musical show. They are intended to be read only when the comedian is on the stage.

7. Never, under any circumstance, applaud. The management hires the ushers for that purpose.

8. If you desire surreptitiously to leave the theatre before the performance is over, do not try to sneak up the aisle during a dark scene. During the dark scenes, the aisles are too crowded.

9. Do not keep time to the orchestra music with your foot. It is annoying to the cockroaches.

10. Do not, while the performance is going on, indicate your nervousness and impatience by taking out and looking at your watch. Such a procedure is tactless and attracts the attention of the person sitting next to you. In a theatre, your watch is none too safe as it is.

**Melodrama.**—The theory (1) that a villain has to pursue a woman, and (2) that he is a villain.

**Adaptation.**—The theory that it is perfectly safe for a good-looking young married woman to go alone to a man's bachelor apartment.

The difference between a woman in private life and an actress is that the actress acts only about half the time.



During the dark scenes, the aisles are too crowded

## Love

### On the Stage

"You came into my existence like a spirit of spring, and roses, and sunshine. At first I deceived myself that your friendship was my sole desire. But my reason mocked my love. My heart would not be stilled! And now, beaten in the conflict 'twixt my reason and my adoration, I beseech your aid! I love you with a love so deep, so great, that it overpowers what the world would call my sense of right. If somewhere in your heart there is a spark of feeling that my impassioned devotion might nourish and warm into a glow of affection, if somewhere in your heart there is a mere ember which my passion and my idolatry might kindle into . . . . ."

### In Real Life

"Well, let's figure it out. I make thirty-five a week. I know a swell flat up on 137th Street we could rent for twenty-eight a month, 'nd the dinge janitor would probably clean up the joint once a week for one bone. Grub would cost us about ten simoleons a week, and you say you're there at cooking. I only need two suits a year; my dress suit I bought eight years ago will do for a couple of more years if I have a new lining stuck in the sleeves; and that'd allow you about a hundred and fifteen spondulicks a year for your duds. Your old man ought to cough up the bedroom furniture, and I know a guy down on West 28th Street whose got a pull with a second-hand furniture dealer on East 14th Street who . . ."

## ITS DISTINCTION

**PULLMAN PORTER:** Dis am de State ob Iowa dat we are in now.

**ACTRESS:** Oh, Mommer, look quick! This is that State I was telling you about—the one where I've never been divorced.



## Managing the Business of 8,500,000 Telephones

Imagine a manufacturing business having millions of customers scattered over the country, with millions of accounts on its books, most of them less than \$30 a year, and including a multitude of 5-cent charges.

Consider it as having shops and offices in thousands of cities, and reaching with its output 70,000 places, more than there are post offices in the United States. Think of the task of patrolling 16,000,000 miles of connecting highways constantly in use.

This gives you a faint idea of the business of managing the Bell System.

Not all the 8,500,000 telephones are in use at once, but the management must have facilities always adequate to any demands for instant, direct communication.

In so vast an undertaking, every branch of the organization must work in harmony, guided by one policy. The entire plant must be managed in the light of accumulated experience, and with the most careful business judgment.

The aim of the Bell System is to make the telephone of the utmost usefulness. This requires an army of loyal men and women, inspired by a leadership having a high sense of its obligations to the public.

Animated by the spirit of service, and unhampered by red tape, the 150,000 Bell employees have the courage to do the right thing at the right time upon their own initiative. They work together intelligently as a business democracy to give the public good service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

## THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 17)

Whitman called it. It's so easy (fatally easy, alas!) to "drop into" rhythmic, exotic prose. Only the other night, after writing a few minutes, I found myself with this paragraph on my hands: "Perhaps the cadenced prose of Walter Pater, with its multiple resonance and languorous rhythms, may be a sort of sublimated chess game, as George Saintsbury more than hints; yet, what a fair field for his carved ivory pieces. To me, his iridescent and undulating periods are like the solemn sounds of organ music accompanied from afar by a symphony of flutes, peacocks, and pomegranates." (Help, help, Brander Matthews!) Someone described the style of Pater as of a "pulpy magnificence." The above effort is pulpy all right, but hardly "magnificent." Next!

**Schools in Art** "Yes," said the venerable auctioneer, as he shook his white head, "yes, I watch them coming and going, coming and going. One year it's light pictures, another it's dark. The public is a woman. What fashion dictates to a woman she scrupulously follows. She sports bonnets one decade, big picture hats the next. So, the public that loves art—or thinks it loves art. It used to be the Hudson River school. And then Chase and those landscape fellows came over from Europe, where they got a lot of new-fangled notions. Do you remember Eastman Johnson? He was my man for years. Do you remember the Fortuny craze? His 'Gamblers,' some figures sitting on the grass? Well, sir, seventeen thousand dollars that canvas fetched. Big price for forty years ago. Bang up? Of course. Meissonier, Bouguereau, and Detaille came in. We couldn't sell them fast enough. I guess the picture counterfeiters' factories up on Montmartre were kept busy those times. It was after our Civil War. There were a lot of mushroom millionaires who couldn't tell a chromo from a Gerome. Those were the chaps we liked. I often began with a bang: 'Ten thousand dollars—who offers me ten thousand dollars for this magnificent Munkacsy?' Nowadays I couldn't give a Munkacsy as a present. He is too black. Our people ask for flashing colors. Rainbows. Fireworks. The new school? Yes, I'm free to admit that the Barbizon men have had their day. Mind you, I don't claim they are falling off. A few seasons ago a Troyon held its own against any Manet you put up. But the 1830 chaps are scarcer in the market, and the picture cranks are beginning to tire of the dull grays, soft blues, and sober skies. The Barbizons drove out Meissonier and his crowd. Then Monet and the Impressionists sent the Barbizons to the wall. I tell you the public is a woman. It craves novelty. What's that? Interested in the greater truth of Post-Impressionism? Excuse me, my dear sir, but that's pure rot. The public doesn't give a hang for technique. It wants a change. Indeed? Really? They have made a success, those young whipper-snappers, the Cubists. Such cubs! Well, I'm not surprised. Perhaps our public is tiring of the Academy. Perhaps young American painters may get their dues—some day. We may even export them. I've been an art auctioneer man and boy over fifty years, and I tell you again the public is a woman. One year it's dark night, another it's light. Bonnets or hats. Silks or satins. Lean or stout. All right. Coming—coming!" Clearing his throat, the old auctioneer slowly moves away.

**The Joy of Staring** Watch the mob. Watch it staring. Like cattle behind the rails which bar a fat green field they pass at leisure, ruminating, or its equivalent, gum chewing, passing masterpiece after masterpiece, only to let their gaze joyfully light upon some silly canvas depicting a thrice-stupid anecdote. The Socialists assure us that the herd is the ideal of the future. We must think, see, feel with the People. Our brethren! Mighty idea—but a stale one before Noah entered the Ark. "Let us go to the people," cried Tolstoy. But we are the people. How can we go to a place when we are already there? And the people surge before a picture which represents an old woman kissing her cow. Or, standing with eyeballs agog, we count the metal buttons on the coat of the Meissonier "Cuirassier." It is great art. Let the public be educated. Down with the new realism—which only recalls to us the bitterness and meanness of our mediocre existence. (Are we not all middle-class?) How, then, can art be aristocratic? Why art at all? Give us the cinematograph—pictures that act. Squeaking records. Canned vocally, Caruso is worth a wilderness of Wagner monkeys. Or self-playing unmusical machines. Or chromos. Therefore, let us joyfully stare. Instead of your "step," watch the mob.

## "JUSTICE" IN PENNSYLVANIA

Raffaele Perri, thirty-six years old, was released from the Eastern Penitentiary to-day after having served seven years for a murder he never committed. His brother killed a man in self-defence and Perri was arrested, convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged. He was reprieved and the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. His brother, who fled after the shooting, wrote a letter to Governor Stuart exonerating him, and the State Pardoning Board recommended his release several days ago.

—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

What must this Italian think of the "enlightened" country of his adoption, where a guiltless man can be seized and hanged—for only a chance commutation stayed the gallows in his case—for a crime of which he is entirely innocent? Is it not time to put an end to legalized murder?

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## Puck's Golf Idiot By P.A. Vaile



## THE STRAIGHT LEFT

No. This is not a chapter on boxing. I am prepared to admit that in that great pastime a good straight left is much to be desired, but in golf it is another thing.

The fetch of the left was one of the most widely worshipped fallacies of golf, until, in various ways, we managed to knock it about badly.

I attacked it one day without warning in London. It was indecorous, I must admit. I should have given notice of my intention, and broken it gently to them; but the fact remains that I didn't. What they called me isn't worth remembering, and some of it, even if I could remember it, Puck wouldn't consider fit for publication.

A very violent controversy followed, and finally *The Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette* interviewed George Duncan about the matter, and he unhesitatingly gave his decision in favor of the predominance of the right hand and arm.

Since that time it has come to be recognized by all good teachers that the right is the master. There is hardly a professional of standing in England to-day who dares to publish the old nonsense about the left being the master; but there is another fallacy that is nearly as bad, and this is insistently taught and preached, but not so often used, by some quite good players. This is the fallacy of the straight left.

Let me ask you right here, before we get on to golf, if you think that you could do much execution caning a boy if you did it from the shoulder joint? Try it, and listen—in vain—for the wish that comes when you give the elbow-joint and the turn of the forearm a chance. What speed, think you, a pitcher at baseball—or any other game where they pitch, and there are a few—could get from his shoulder?

Tell me, please, of some other thing that is done by athletes, who are trying for speed, wherein the elbow-joint of one arm is locked? I am afraid it cannot be done.

One writer, in describing the work of the left hand and arm, says that it is, in effect, the back-hand stroke in tennis. In this statement he is wrong in several ways.

Firstly, he is an advocate of the "straight left," which really means a stiff left, for it cramps the work of the elbow.

Now, the very beginning, in fact the essence of the back-hand stroke at tennis, is the work of the elbow. The stroke is started there, and the movement of the elbow throughout it is most pronounced.

Another dissimilarity between the tennis stroke and the golf stroke is, that at the moment of impact in the golf stroke the back of the left hand is towards the hole. It is a fatal defect in the tennis stroke to have the hand in this position. This is what has killed the English back-hand stroke.

The point of similarity between the work of the left arm and hand in golf and tennis comes in at the beginning of the downward swing. Here it seems to me that the power of the left is evinced in a very marked manner, but here the left is using its driving force in such a manner that unless the forearm turned in the downward swing it would drive the heel of the club onto the ball.

That is the difference. At tennis, the turn of the forearm in the back-hand stroke comes *after* the ball has been struck.

At golf, the turn of the left forearm comes *before* the ball is hit. The left wrist is thus in the position in which it is incapable of much effective work, whereas, in lawn tennis, the blow falls across the wrist-joint in the direction in which it bends least. The little finger side of the hand is at the moment of impact towards the net.

This is the ideal position in tennis, and this is the reason why Mr. T. R. Pell's back-hand stroke is the best in two continents; indeed, so far removed is the class of his play on this hand, even from America's national representatives, that it is always a source of wonder to me why they do not acquire his stroke.

And this brings us back to the question of the straight left. Mr. Pell could no more play his stroke effectively with a straight arm than he could with a crutch.

*The speed comes out of the elbow-joint.*

Let every golfer remember that. The speed in the golf stroke comes mainly from the unflexing of the right elbow-joint and the turn of the forearm, which is as a flash in its quickness, and is commonly mislabeled wrist work.

Speed at the moment of impact is what you are trying for in your drive. The chain is no stronger than its weakest link. The pace of a three-legged team could not possibly be greater than that of the slower man.

If you deliberately deprive one of the partners in your golfing outfit of his life and snap by making him "straight" at the top of the swing, are you not woefully handicapping the other member? I think you are.

I cannot think of anything that Harry Vardon *does* in the way of golf that I am not prepared to "bank" on. His form is probably the most perfect of any living golfer. It is not only graceful, but its efficacy has six open championships to attest it.

Can anyone imagine Vardon at the top of his drive with a straight left arm? I trow not. In the leading golf school of New York is what is probably the greatest photograph ever taken of a golfer at the top of the swing in the drive. There we see Vardon in his best form. Anyone who teaches anything that is inconsistent with that picture is ignorant of the fundamentals, or some, or one of them, of golf.

What Vardon *does*, goes in golf. What is associated with his name by journalists, is frequently quite silly.

If anyone who reads this article is afflicted with a straight left—in golf, of course—let him straightway repair to this picture, for it really is a great picture of Vardon, and forever renounce his stiff impediment.

I am inclined to think that this very mischievous idea of the straight left is the father of another hoary old tradition that has gone with the cobwebs of golf, where it deserves to be—the "sweep."

The old "sweep" died hard. He was a tough old villain. We know the golf-drive is a hit nowadays, but it is mighty hard to make a hit come out of a straight left—at golf.

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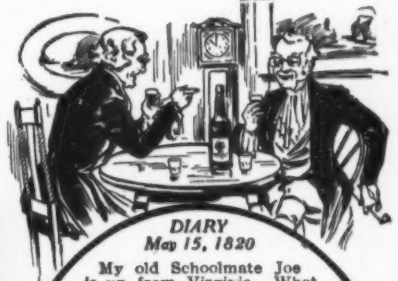
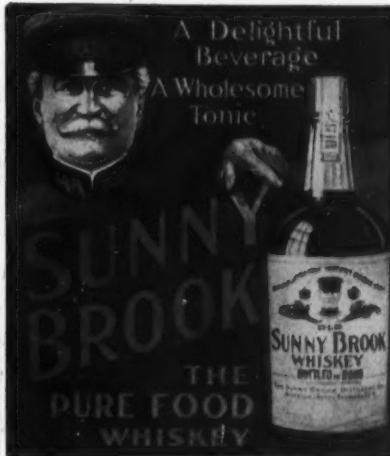
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DIARY  
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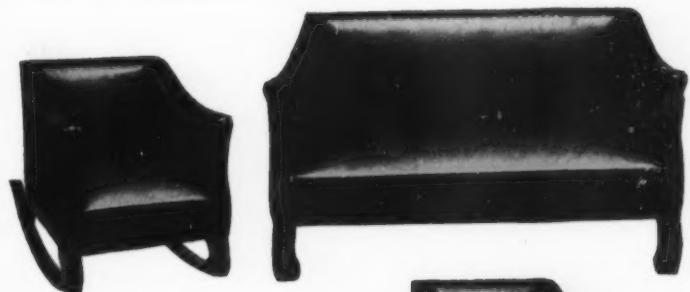
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Seen from the rear, William was unrecognizable—but interesting. He appeared to be a walking clothes-boiler, armed with a shield and connected, by means of a washtub, with a negro of informal ideas concerning dress. In fact the group was whimsical, and three young people who turned in behind it out of a cross-street, indulged immediately in fits of inadequately suppressed laughter, though neither Miss May Parcher nor Mr. Johnnie Watson even remotely suspected that the legs beneath the clothes-boiler belonged to an acquaintance. And as for the third of this little party, Miss Parcher's visitor, those peregrinating legs suggested nothing familiar to her.

"Oh, see the fun-ee laundrymans!" she cried, addressing a cottony doglet's head that bobbed gently up and down over her supporting arm. "Sweetest Flopit must see, too! Flopit, look at the fun-ee laundrymans!"

"Sh!" murmured Miss Parcher, choking. "He might hear you!"

He might, indeed, since they were not five yards behind him and the dulcet voice was clear and free! Within the shadowy interior of the clothes-boiler were features stricken with sudden, utter horror. "Flopit!"

The attention of Genesis was attracted by a convulsive tugging of the tub which he supported in common with William; it seemed passionately to urge greater speed. A hissing issued from the boiler, and Genesis caught the words, huskily whispered:

"Walk faster! You *got* to walk faster!"

For further horrible details see "Seventeen," by Booth Tarkington, in the February **METROPOLITAN**, the first of a series of new boy stories by the creator of Penrod. All good news-stands—15 cents.



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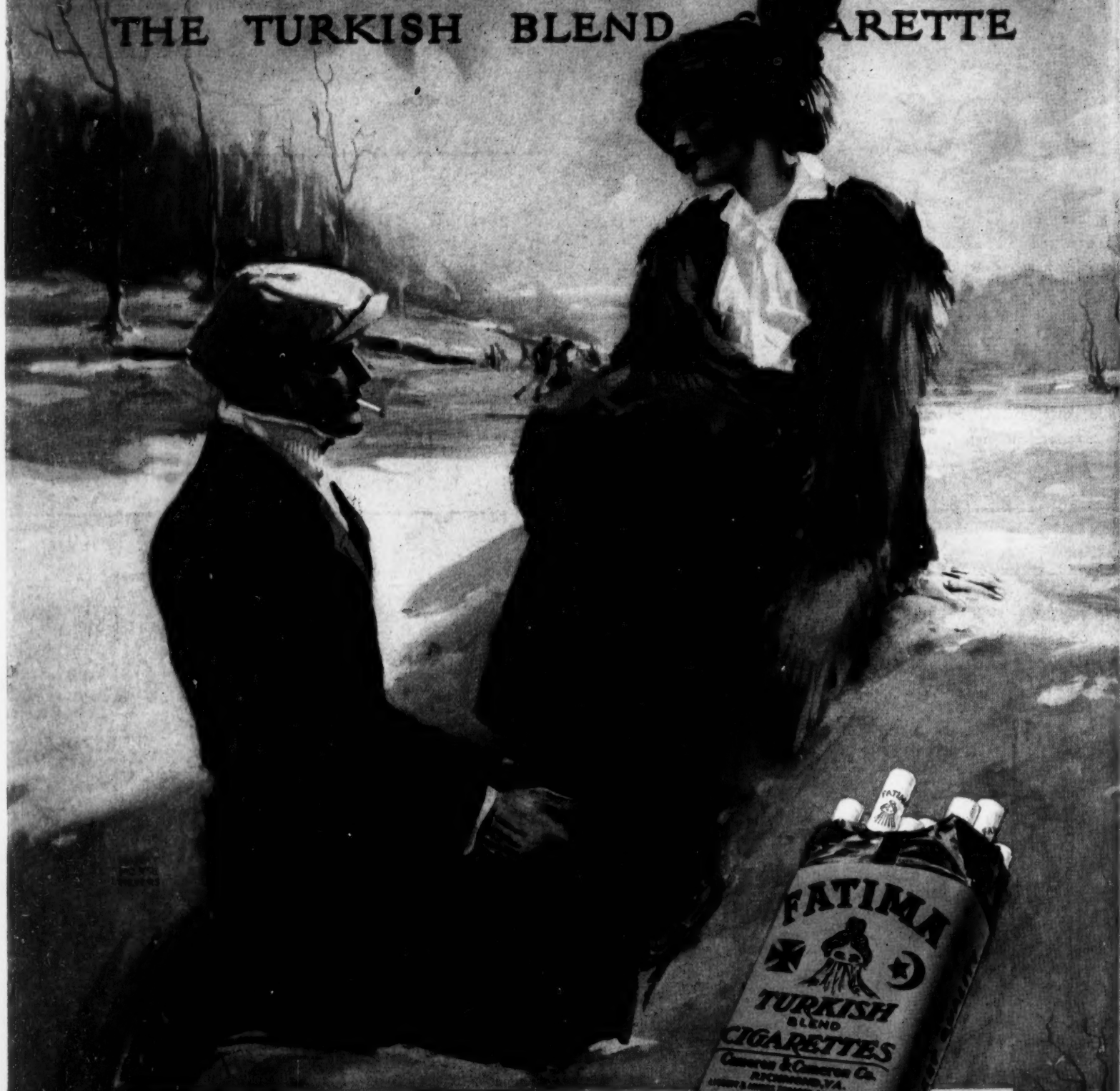
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